The Sketch

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AMERICAN RED CROSS WORKER
MADELEINE CARROLL.

Since 1941, MADELEINE CARROLL *has been engaged exclusively in war activities, and in 1942 was appointed Entertainment Director for the United Seamen's Service. She's of Irish-French parentage, was educated at Birmingham University (B.A., Honours, French), and after some stage experience became a leading British screen actress. In 1936 she went to America to continue her film and radio career. Her latest pictures include "Blockade," "Café Society," and "The Prisoner of Zenda."*

PHOTOGRAPH BY BACHRACH.

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

Goosey, Goosey Gander. I am always grateful to correspondents who go to the pains of sending me advice when I am in trouble, and I am surprised and touched to find how many take pity on me in my little perplexities. One very kind lady has just written me about a recent wail—querulous, I fear, and not deserving such sympathy—concerning grass and the ways of restraining its exuberance in the absence of a lawn-mower. The solution, I am advised, is geese. Well, I should not object to a few geese about the place, if they would lay some golden eggs; as we are in the middle of a Salute the Soldier Week, these would come in very handy, even if I had to deduct P.A.Y.E. on them. But it happens that I have a lot of grass, and I should have to have several gaggles of geese. Frankly, the prospect daunts me. The last time I had any close association with a goose was when I was about six, and I well remember its pursuing me with outstretched neck, hissing like a train-engine. I don't know what was wrong with my small bare legs, but that goose had taken a violent dislike to them—the bully!

For This Relief. My legs are now decently draped, so far as Utility underwear permits, and I think I could now meet a goose on equal terms, if not with a certain air of defiance. For all I know, geese might come and eat out of my hand—I understand that they will eat out of almost anything. But I just don't know; I am as ignorant of the goose as of the Ornithorhyncus Paradoxus, and I fear that, lacking a mother's care, my geese would all languish and die of the pip, or the bots, or whatever geese are allergic to. Besides, there are already so many noises, on and above the earth, in this district that I dare not add a Philharmonic of geese. In any case, the main problem is now solved. I *did* manage to get my lawn-mower set, after all. How? I prefer not to say. The nice readers of *The Sketch* would think worse of me, and the nasty ones would blackmail me. The law was broken and honour was forfeited; but how can life be lived during this war without a little judicious illegality?

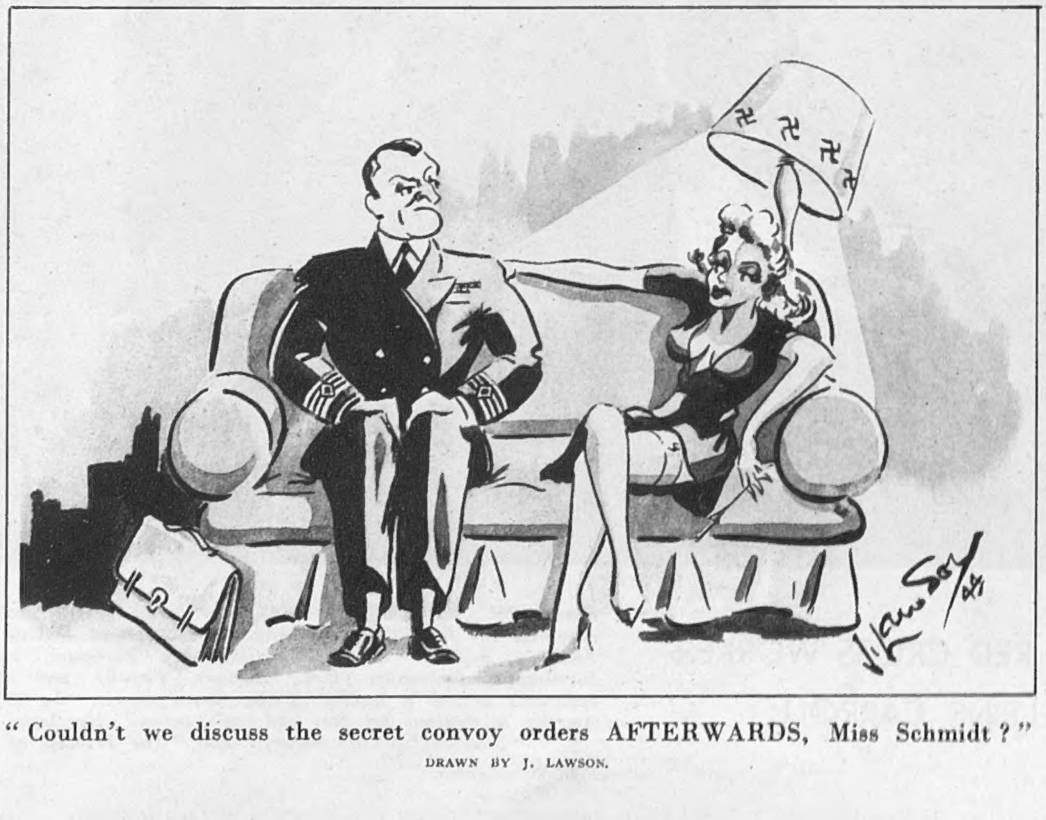
The Low Down. Advice about geese is not the only wisdom which one is offered nowadays. I am astonished, not to say embarrassed, by the amount of Inside Dope which is offered me by every post. You have only to subscribe to this or that News Summary and the minds of all the Statesmen and Generals are an open book to you. The resources of these "well-informed" persons fill me with wonder. Not only have they agents in every capital and at every headquarters, but they are in the inmost counsels of Mr. Churchill and General Eisenhower, not to mention Stalin and Hitler. Take these oracles in conjunction with the star-gazers, and there is nothing about this war which should be hidden from the meanest mind. I have been watching the astrologers for a hot tip about the Second Front. Cagey, very cagey! And yet you would think that an event like that would be written in the stars. Or are the stars censored? I shouldn't be surprised.

Signs and Wonders. The sky has always contained not only stars, but signs, portents, visions and apparitions. I observe that the season for visions has opened. It always does, at some point or other during a war. Last time it began rather early—we all remember the Angels of Mons. Now, at this late stage (at least, we hope so) in the war, a number of persons have seen an even more sacred vision—the most sacred of all to a Christian people—in the sky. Well, what they have seen they have *seen*. It is not so very long ago that many persons saw witches riding on broomsticks, and went into the box and swore to the fact on their salvation. Having written this, I expect to get letters from people who saw this vision with their own eyes, beyond any doubt or peradventure. It is not for me to contradict or scoff at them. I hope, however, that they will forgive my saying that they ought to make a very interesting study for experts in "war-psychology." It is a complicated thing

Quiet, Please! I am suffering from a form of it myself. I happen to live in a place surrounded by aerodromes, and there is no time of the day or night when the air is still from roaring and whistling. Many of these aircraft, it appears to the merely earth-bound mortal take delight in skimming over chimneys and tree-tops. There may be a Grand Prang one of these days, but meanwhile the air perpetually throbs and reverberates. This is one of the inevitable accompaniments of war, but I sometimes wonder whether the empyrean will ever be quiet even in peace, and whether we shall appreciate it if it is. A lot of

"*I* don't know what they are. All I know is that they've been following me around ever since I qualified last week."

DRAWN BY ST. J. COOPER.



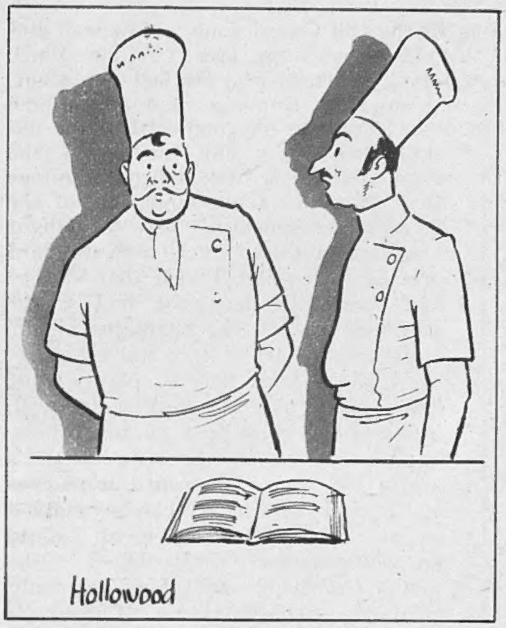
"Couldn't we discuss the secret convoy orders AFTERWARDS, Miss Schmidt?"

DRAWN BY J. LAWSON.

people are growing up who cannot do anything without a tumult of noise round them. It has been like that for a long time in America. For those who passed their childhood in a quieter world, will there ever be again a Lake Isle of Innisfree ?

And I shall have some peace there,
For peace comes dropping slow.

Meanwhile, war comes dropping fast — a bit too fast, to judge by the UXB over in the field by X's Farm at Y. War, of course, is always noisy; but will peace be any less noisy ? We shall have to have soundproof boxes for those who like to hear themselves think.



"Let 's try it ; we can always safeguard ourselves by putting the word Melba in inverted commas." (DRAWN BY HOLLOWOOD.)

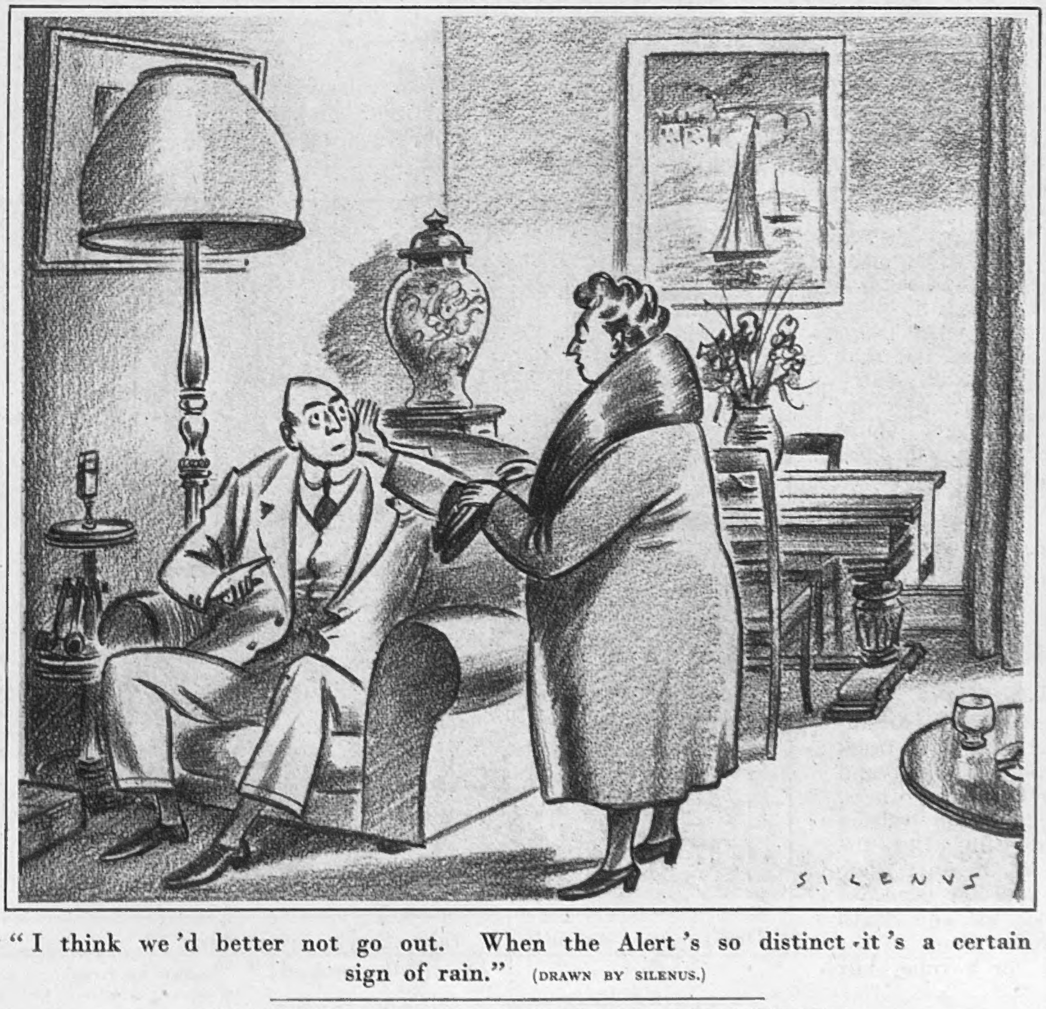
Moods and Tenses.

I notice that not only people, but things, are affected by war-psychology. Inanimate objects have always suffered very badly from moods, and it is absurd to suppose that only human beings have temperaments. I have known a tie absolutely refuse, on a bad morning, to tie itself presentably. I have seen a fountain-pen, usually quite docile and well-behaved, suddenly ooze ink all over my fingers—and *deliberately* under the nails—in sheer bad temper. As for pipes, it is notorious that no pipe, however well-bred, is the same pipe for two consecutive pipefuls. But of all temperamental creatures that I have ever known, I think my pocket lighter is the most remarkable. It will behave charmingly for days together, and the most cordial relations will exist between us. Then, for no reason whatsoever, it will absolutely refuse its office. At this point, all my friends rally round and explain exactly what is wrong with it ; each has expert advice about the flint, the wick, the fuel or the principles of thermodynamics. But the trouble is none of these things—it is just temperament. Next day, at a touch, the flame burns bright and cheerful again. Perhaps it is the Gremlins at work, or a Poltergeist ; perhaps it is liver ; anyhow, it is a valuable lesson in patience and tolerance, very good for the character.

An Inland Sea.

Beer is a bit temperamental, too. I have often noticed that the excellent product of Messrs. XXX and Co. [This space is available for advertisement.—Ed.] tastes very malty one day and quite revolting the next. Messrs. XXX and Co. might reply, with some justice, that the fault may lie in my palate or my mood, but I do not think so. Beer is a proud, independent thing and unquestionably has its moods. The British public, however—reinforced by a few G.I.'s—seems disposed to put up with them all. I read that last year 30,000,000 barrels were brewed—yes, and drunk—which is more than half-a-barrel per annum per head of the population, men, women and children. An ocean ! If you were to stand 30,000,000 barrels on top of each other, they would undoubtedly reach to the stratosphere; why, it would only take a few hundred to mount to the top of Nelson's Column ! Again, if 30,000,000 barrels were placed in a straight line, end to end—but I won't go on ; imagination reels. But now I know where all the timber goes to, and why I can't get any for my hen-house—or, anyhow, why I shouldn't be able to get any if I *had* a hen-house. An absolute scandal !

"Captain Jenkinson will come across and see you, Sir. The barber's shop is full—and it 's spam and chips for lunch, with no option." (DRAWN BY HAROLD BEARDS.)



"I think we 'd better not go out. When the Alert 's so distinct it 's a certain sign of rain." (DRAWN BY SILENUS.)

The Cup and the Lip.

Such is the consumption of this variable beverage that I see that the canny publican has had to develop a new technique of service. You queue up for opening-time, and when you surge in you are saved the trouble of ordering, because there on the bar before you stand serried ranks of pint-pots, all full and foaming and ready for rapid

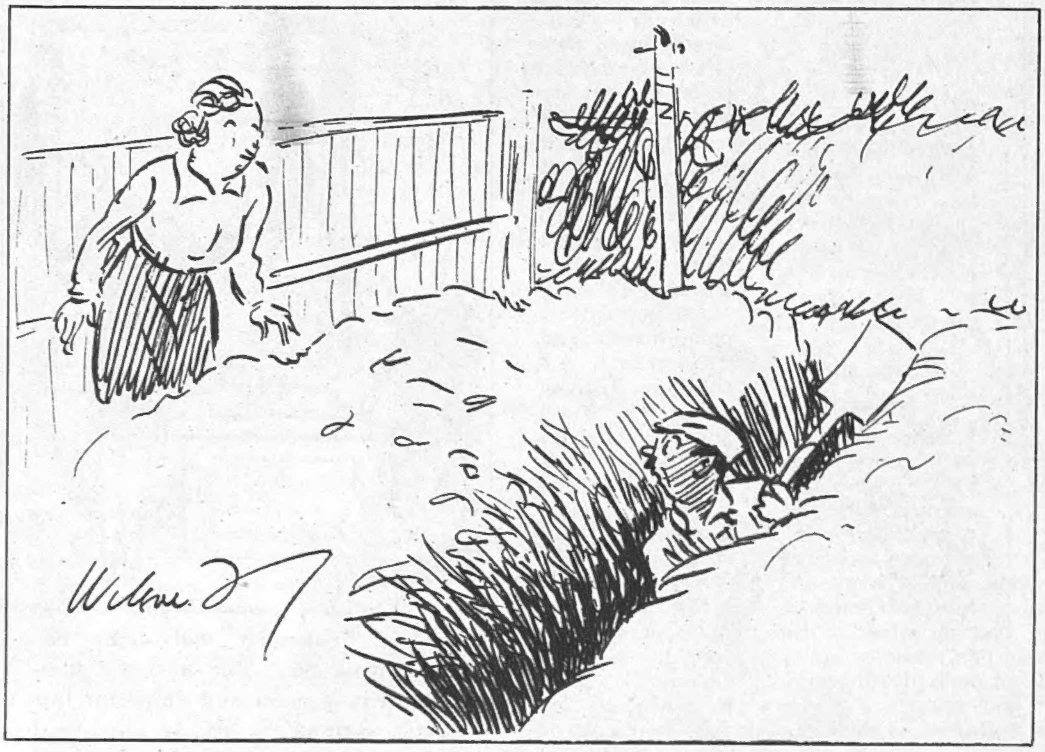
[*Continued overleaf.*

SALVAGE ALL YOUR OLD LETTERS—FOR VICTORY

Continued.]

consumption. The rest of the convivial party consists simply of a frontal attack in mass formation, the sort of thing which has brought glory to British arms again and again, and has triumphed on many a stricken field. The only doubt is what happens to the pots in the *mêlée*. I should think there must be heavy casualties. However, if you can't make omelettes without breaking eggs, I suppose you can't have beer-battles without shedding beer.

A Close Shave. These mass-tactics certainly add an interest to life, and are making us a very vigorous nation. The latest exploit of the storm-troops is that women are trampling each other underfoot in the mad rush to get sandals. Life need never lack incident for anybody nowadays. A railway clerk was quietly shaving in the bathroom the other morning when a bullet whistled past his ear. This is not a good way to begin the day, and the clerk was definitely irritable at breakfast, especially as his wife remarked coldly, when he related the incident, that he must have had something which disagreed with him for supper. Stung, he went off and complained, rather peevishly, to the authorities. It turned out that the shot had been fired by a sentry at an "unauthorised person" who did not halt when challenged. Quite right: if people won't answer challenges, they must be shot, and railway clerks must take their chance: *à la guerre comme à la guerre*. The only person who suffered was the jay-walker. He went to the guard-room, and thence — well, it is not stated, but he was probably shot at dawn. Again quite right. Discipline must be maintained.

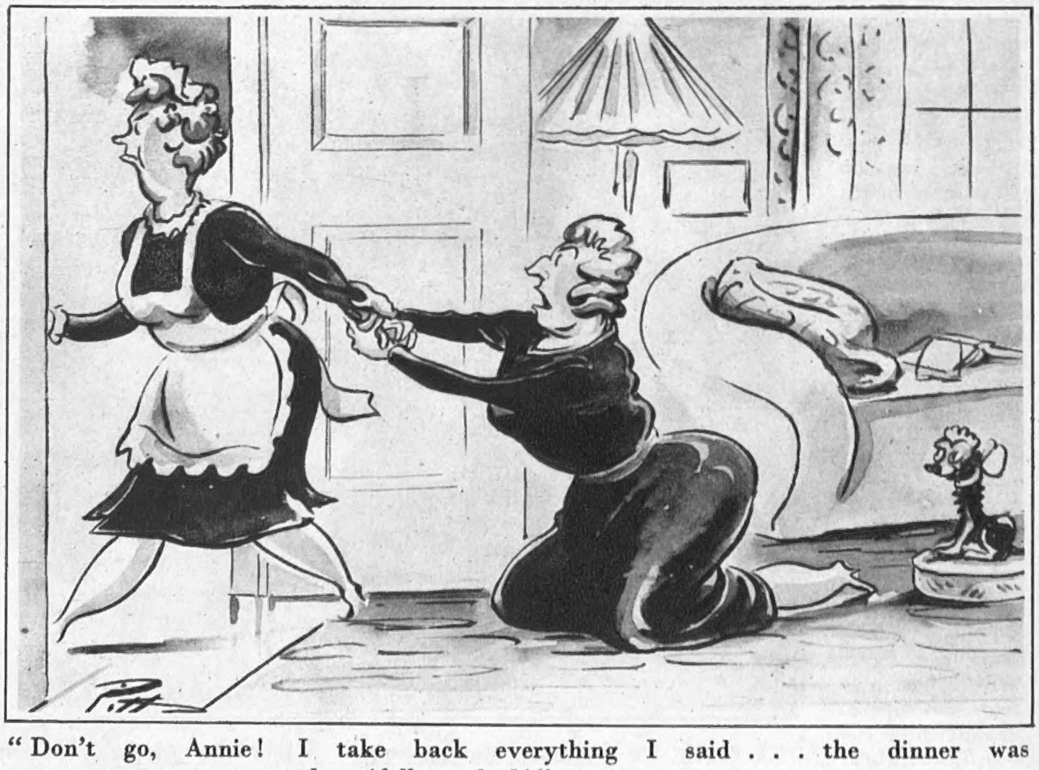


"You're wrong, Alice. It can't have been here that Willie sowed the peas when he was home on leave. . . . I can't find one of them!" (DRAWN BY WILSON FENNING.)

"Hamlet" Without the Prince. However, it's an ill-wind, etc. War bears hardly on some and mercifully on others. There was a condemned man waiting for the hangman in Eire. But the hangman could not go, because there is a ban on travel, and not even for the grim necessities of life and death can the ban be lifted. And so the felon was reprieved for a time—but whether permanently or not, I do not know. It seems hard on a man that he cannot make his exit for lack of an executioner, and there is something in the situation which would have appealed to the *macabre* wit of a Henry Fielding or a John Gay. But war is *macabre*.

The Old Guard. Another of the Old Guard gone. How well and truly all his generation loved Wilkie Bard, type of a race of artists who are fast dying out. It is not very long since I saw him *redivivus* in a programme along with a number of other veterans. A good deal of the old skill was left. The touch was the same, though a little more tremulous than of yore. I am no enemy of the flicks, which constantly give me delight and have produced a very high standard of a new art; but I wish that Variety and Vaudeville had not had to be sacrificed to it. The technique of the Halls was an art of true individuality, in which a man had to play a lone hand, and play it supremely well. Some of the great ones go, but others, happily, remain and flourish. A lady's age is hid from view—until it reaches eighty, and then the veil can be removed without indelicacy. We all salute an octogenarian Vesta Tilley. She joined the Army yesterday—yes, only yesterday—so the Army of to-day's all right.

The Moment. Yes, it's all right, but waiting, and tense. Sitting here quietly (except for those aircraft!) and writing nonsense about trivial things, I have in mind a certain perfect dawn in Flanders. A stillness as if all nature were so deeply hushed that it never wished to wake again. The minute hand creeps on, then the second hand: then one gun, a little before its time, heralds Zero; then —inferno. Earth and sky shattered with unimaginable din. So battles begin and history is made—and unmade. We wait, and guess; and probably all our guesses will be wrong. But that does not matter, because then each one of us can replan the whole strategy!



"Don't go, Annie! I take back everything I said . . . the dinner was *beautifully* cooked!" (DRAWN BY PITTS.)

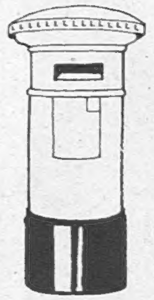
The ninetieth of our SERIES OF PLATES IN FULL COLOUR *published in this issue of "The Sketch" is by* DAVID WRIGHT.

"LUMMY, 'AROLD! FOR THAT MONEY I KNOW WHERE WE CAN GET A MUCH BIGGER PICTURE!"

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.



MY DEAR ROBERT—We have been Saluting the Soldier in this village since last I wrote, with a good deal of *éclat* and excitement.

Mrs. Whinebite, with the help of her nephew, organised a Treasure Hunt, with the Clues, in rather bad rhyme, pinned up all over the place. One of the prizes was a bottle of whisky, another a bottle of gin, and a third six pairs of silk stockings, so naturally the entry forms sold like hot cakes, and there was quite a crowd at the Starting Post, which was outside the Police Station.

Lady B. had been forbidden, by Charles, to take part because of her Heart, so she got hold of a Bath Chair and an enormous American Soldier to wheel it. The American Soldier quite entered into the spirit of the thing and decorated the Bath Chair with the flags of the Allied Nations. There was a burst of cheering when they arrived at the Starting Post. Lots of people were there on bicycles, and there was one pony-cart. Colonel Simpkins came on his tricycle, with a very determined expression on his face. Mrs. Whinebite was there, looking harassed, and the Admiral, who was helping her, had tied a tape across the road and was shouting orders through a megaphone. All was gaiety and confusion.

I saw Lady B. waving to me, and pushed my way through the crowd to her. She was beaming, for she loves this sort of thing. "Isn't it fun, Henrietta ?" she said.

"Yes."

"You sound tired. Are you ? Hop into my chair—there 's plenty of room."

"I think your escort has got enough without me," I said.

"Why, no, Ma'am," said the American Soldier. "Get right in. I sure wouldn't notice a little lady like you."

Lady B. leant towards me and whispered: "My dear, a complete charmer. He has offered to take me out in this thing every day until he is sent overseas."

"She got hold of a Bath Chair, and an enormous American soldier."

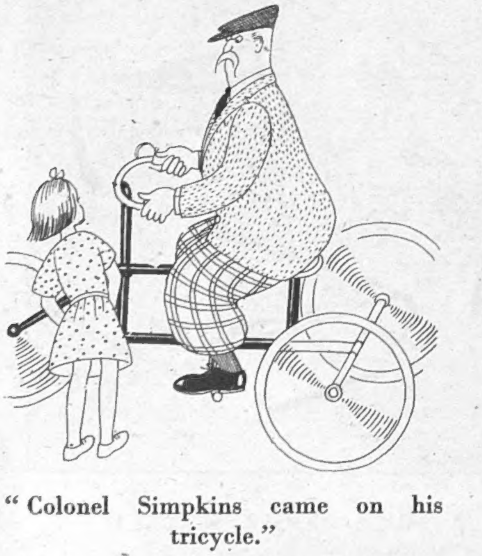
"Stand back, you boys ! Stand *back* !" yelled the Admiral. "This race isn't going to start until everybody is behind the tape, if we have to wait here till midnight."

"Midnight, indeed !" snorted Mrs. Savernack, who had come in her tennis shoes, prepared to run.

"I do wish Alexander wouldn't shout like that," said Mrs. Admiral nervously. "It 's so bad for his blood pressure."

"I reckon the Dame with the gun ought to shoot her way through," said the American, looking with admiration at Mrs. Whinebite. He seemed disappointed when we told him she was the Starter, and the revolver was filled with blank cartridges.

We had all begun to feel that the Treasure Hunt would never get started, when Lady B.'s American, with great presence of mind, trod heavily on Mrs. Whinebite's toe as she passed and she fired the revolver off by mistake. This caught practically everybody on the wrong foot, and Lady B. and her American got well away in front of the crowd.



"Colonel Simpkins came on his tricycle."

The first Clue, which was on our entry forms, went like this :

"Girls and boys come out to play,
Soldiers' Week begins to-day,
Up above you 'll get a Perm,
Down below is Mister Therm."

This was child's play, because everybody knows that Lizzie, the Hairdresser, is over the Gas Company's Show Rooms, and we all set off pretty briskly, with Lady B. and her American leading. I saw her turn the corner on one wheel, hotly pursued by the cyclists. After them came Colonel Simpkins on his tricycle, and then the foot-sloggers, led by Mrs. Whinebite. The pony got frightened and upset and insisted upon going home.

When I arrived at the Gas Show Rooms the whole Treasure Hunt was crowded on the pavement trying to read the clue which was stuck in the window, and the Gas Manager was begging everybody not to break the plate-glass.

"Can't somebody in front read it out ?" shouted Colonel Simpkins, who was badly placed at the back of the crowd, and the American, who in some strange way had become a sort of Master of the Ceremonies, read, "Down in the forest something stirred," adding, "It sounds hay-wire to me."

"Down in the forest something stirred," said everybody, looking at each other blankly. Somebody in front said she thought it was a song, and somebody else obliged with a few bars of it. Then Lady B. was heard calling that she wished to get out, and her American charged the crowd with the Bath Chair.

"She 's got it !" everybody cried, and prepared to follow.

"You mustn't follow each other !" cried Mrs. Whinebite, dancing on the pavement. "You must *not* !"

"Don't worry, Momma," said the American, "nobody ain't going to follow us," and he picked me up and deposited me at Lady B.'s feet as though I were a Pekinese, and then set off up a side street.

But a good many people did follow us. Lady B. told the American to take us to the Pub where there was a clue pinned to the door. "All the same," I said, "I don't see what it has to do with something stirring in a forest," but Lady B. whispered that she was putting the other people off the scent, and the American said, "Oh, Boy, oh, Boy ! Has she a brain, or has she ?"

After a time we got rid of our followers and then Lady B. directed her American to Mrs. Savernack's house. When we were nearly there the light suddenly dawned and I said, "Oh, yes, of course—Savernack Forest," and Lady B. said witheringly, "You don't mean to say you 've seen it at last ?"

On the Savernacks' gate was this :

"Let us be drunk, and
for a while forget
The Second Front, the
fever and the fret.
And what 's the fizzy
drink to take next morn ?
I know its name. You
know. 'E knows, 'e
knows."

Even I could guess that one, but as we have three chemists and each had a clue in the window, it led to a certain amount of confusion. The clue which led to my studio said :

"Vague, vague and absent is she." The next clue was this :

"The Parson told the
Sexton,
The Sexton tolled the
bell.
Who 's going to be the
next 'un ?
He knows, but he won't
tell."

"You don't think it 's Eno's again, do you ?" I said.

"I 'm terribly afraid it 's Charles," said Lady B. It was.

Lady B. filled in all her answers right, was first home, so she won.

Always your affectionate Childhood's Friend, HENRIETTA.

"Mrs. Whinebite was there, looking harassed."

The Queen, aged four years.

Princess Elizabeth, aged four years.

The Queen, as a child of six.

Princess Elizabeth, as a child of six.

Princess Elizabeth, as a girl of fourteen.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH, *as she is to-day, at the age of eighteen. A recent snapshot, showing her Royal Highness, Colonel of the Grenadier Guards, during a recent inspection of the regiment.*

The Queen, as a girl of fourteen, in 1914.

Princess Elizabeth, aged sixteen.

The Queen, at the age of sixteen.

THIS series of photographs of H.M. the Queen and her eighteen-year-old daughter, Princess Elizabeth, will enable readers to compare our Royal Elizabeths as they were at similar ages, and to trace the likeness between mother and daughter. Her Majesty the Queen was at the time of her marriage to the King (then Duke of York) described by her father as

[*Continued opposite.*

H.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH, *Heir-Presumptive to the Throne, talking to the Sergeant-Major during her recent inspection of the Grenadier Guards.*

Continued.]

having been rather a sedate little girl. In some of the early photographs of Princess Elizabeth an air of childish seriousness may also be observed. Last week the Princess made her first public speech when she became President of the Queen Elizabeth Hospital for Children. She spoke charmingly, with no trace of nervousness.

OUR ROYAL ELIZABETHS IN CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

NEWS VIEWS FROM

This lucky French sailor got a kiss from MARLENE DIETRICH when she came aboard his ship. She has been entertaining troops in Italy. At one French Corps H.Q. she met and greeted the film-actor Jean Pierre Aumont, who had brought in a prisoner.

The infant son of REX HARRISON, stage and screen star, and his wife, LILLI PALMER, was christened REX CAREY ALFRED at Fulmer Church, Bucks.

MAJOR T. P. R. BULKELEY, of the Eighth Army, recently married MISS BRIDGET PATTISON at a military H.Q. in the Italian battle area. The bride is a voluntary worker in the Spears hospital.

MISS JUNE PRICE, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Price, of Lapworth Hall, Warwickshire, comes of age on June 7. She is now dancing in an ENSA tour of the camps.

Hitherto Polish W.A.A.F. have been trained by British N.C.O.s. Now they will have their own. The R.A.F. and Polish Ensigns were hoisted at the passing-out parade of Polish W.A.A.F. N.C.O.s.

Under-Secretary of State MR. EDWARD R. STETTINIUS, JUNIOR, was welcomed home in Washington, D.C., by MRS. STETTINIUS and EDWARD R. STETTINIUS III. after his visit to Britain and Morocco.

SEVERAL FRONTS.

FLIGHT OFFICER D. J. LEIGH-MALLORY, *daughter of* AIR CHIEF-MARSHAL SIR TRAFFORD LEIGH-MALLORY, *married* FLIGHT OFFICER W. E. (TONY) DOHERTY, U.S.A.A.F., *at St. John's Church, Stanmore.*

COMMANDER PETER W. GRETTON, R.N., *Ace U-boat killer, who was recently awarded the second Bar to his D.S.O. for his "outstanding skill and determination on convoy duty," is seen with* MRS. GRETTON *at his country home.*

MRS. OSCAR BERTIN *recently arrived from India for her marriage to Captain O. E. Bertin. She was Mrs. Douglas-Lane, widow of Commander Lane, R.N., who was killed in action in the Crete battle.*

Left: MISS EILEEN CAVE-GARDNER, *daughter of Mrs. G. Cave-Gardner, married Lieut. Geoffrey Brown, R.E., at St. Mary Magdalene's Church, Newark, Notts.*

H.M. THE QUEEN *is here chatting with a parachutist in full "jumping" kit during the visit which she paid with the King and Princess Elizabeth to the Airborne troops.*

BETTY GRABLE *and her husband, Band-leader* HARRY JAMES, *posed with their infant daughter,* VICTORIA ELIZABETH JAMES (VICKY), *when she had her first picture taken.*

CINEMA CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.

IT isn't every week that you can go to a motion-picture gallery, and see an exhibition of some of the best work of Jean Gabin, Louis Jouvet, Suzy Prim, Jean Renoir, Maxim Gorki, John Steinbeck, Burgess Meredith and Walt Disney, but that is the pleasure I can promise you this week at the Academy Cinema, where they are showing the French "UNDERWORLD" and the American "FORGOTTEN VILLAGE," along with "REASON AND EMOTION," one of Disney's neater little tricks.

"Underworld," of course, is a revival of a film that was shown at the Curzon a couple of years before the war. It is none the worse for that. Any time is a good time to show a good film, and "Underworld" is a very good film indeed. It was directed by Jean Renoir, the son of the great painter, from a novel of Maxim Gorki's; a Russian idea, told in the French idiom, with the precision and cynicism the French cinema delights in.

The scene is the shadier byways of a Russian town, and the story is mainly concerned with the odd comradeship of a burglar and a baron—a world-weary baron who shuffles out into the alleys and doss-houses to look for the lower depths of humanity. Jean Gabin plays the burglar and Louis Jouvet the baron, and they are surrounded by an acid portrait-gallery of types—the thief, the fence, the wanton, the pander, the suicide.

There is nothing dainty about "Underworld," but it has power and a realism that goes much deeper than the mere observation of outward facts. It won for its director the Legion of Honour, and one of the most coveted awards of the French cinema, the Louis Delluc Prize. Delluc himself—few people remember the late Louis Delluc now, but he was the shrewdest and most uncompromising film critic of his time, in the years just after the last war—Delluc himself, with his high enthusiasms, would have gloried in the thing. "If we had only *loved* the cinema more——" he used to say, pleading for a native school of French film art. Renoir, the painter's son, has always loved the cinema, and his best films succeed just *because* they have the excitement of an artistic quest.

I need not tell you that John Steinbeck, the man who wrote "The Forgotten Village," is a questing sort of bloke too. His quests take him in search of lost peoples, under-privileged groups, dumb causes, and the uncomplex life of peasants in out-of-the-way places. "The Forgotten Village" is partly a Steinbeck apology, and partly a Steinbeck love-song, for the way of life of the Mexicans in a small hill village. The whole thing is described—in a kind of narration, spoken by Burgess Meredith—from the point of view of a boy, Juan Diego, who was born and grew up there. Life in remote Santiago, it seems, goes on to-day much as it has gone on for a thousand years. The older people speak little Spanish and no English; they use the Indian language of their ancestors. An ancient wise woman rules the place. She is midwife, doctor, prophet and leader. She has beans for prognostication; stuffed humming-birds to ensure successful childbirth; eggs to draw away the evil vapours; snake-skins to cure the colic. The people turn to her in every sort of crisis.

But the old witch's claims and simples, although picturesque, are not always effective. Too many children die of some strange disease. Juan Diego's own brother dies, and his little sister takes the infection. Juan Diego, who has picked up more knowledge than his parents, and has somehow begun to believe that there are wiser people in the world than the wise woman, goes alone over the hills to fetch the doctors. They come to Santiago with their strange medicines and their terrible needles, and announce that the source of infection is the village well.

The wise woman stirs up the villagers against these dangerous foreigners. Every possible obstacle is put in their way. Children are snatched out of the streets into the houses. The doors are shut and barred. The doctors can only help a little here and there, save one or two lives, disinfect the well by stealth—and reluctantly go home again. Juan Diego, driven out by his parents, goes with them, to study social work in the city clinics, and presumably to compile this narrative. The film ends on a note of optimism—I sometimes felt, of unwarranted optimism. People, it is hinted, change very slowly, but in fact, they do change: and the young Juan Diegos have a bigger magic than the old wise women in the end.

To the people who have no censorial taboos, and are curious enough to want to see other things in Mexico besides the "Mexican Spitfire," I recommend "The Forgotten Village." It is probably the most solid, and certainly the most vivid, study yet of family life in the remoter haunts of this ancient and secretive country. John Steinbeck has done a finely sensitive job of reporting here, and his own preface to the film probably gives the best idea of the way he did it.

"A great many documentary films," he says, "have used the generalised method—that is, the showing of a condition or an event as it affects a group of people. The audience can then have a personalised reaction from imagining one member of that group. I have felt that this is the more difficult observation from the audience's viewpoint. It means very little to know that a million Chinese are starving unless you know one Chinese who is starving. In 'The Forgotten Village' we reversed the usual process. Our story centred on one family in one small village. We wished our audience to know this family very well, and incidentally, to like it, as we did. Then, from association with this little personalised group, the larger conclusion concerning the racial group could be drawn with something like participation. Birth and death, joy and sorrow, are constants, experiences common to the whole species. If one participates first in these constants, one is able to go from them to the variables of customs, practices, *mores*, taboos, and foreign social patterns. That, at any rate, was our theory. . . ."

To tell his very simple tale convincingly, Steinbeck decided, the best plan was to persuade real people to re-enact the real things that had really happened to them. The doctors in the film, then, are real doctors; the school-teacher is a real school-teacher; the pregnant mother a real mother, who had already lost a number of children; the wise woman a real wise woman, who practised herbology and magic in the village. Such a method clearly required, and Steinbeck notes the fact, patience, tact and a genuine liking for the people. But its advantages, in a film that depends on unstudied effect, are dazzlingly obvious.

THE BEST PLAYS.

*Starred by "The Sketch." ***=highest value.*

*** "BLITHE SPIRIT" (*Duchess*). Noel Coward's play. Betty Ann Davies, Cecil Parker, Irene Browne, Beryl Measor.

*** "PINK STRING AND SEALING WAX" (*Duke of York's*). 1880 Brighton comedy. Iris Hoey, Dorothy Hyson, David Horne.

*** "UNCLE HARRY" (*Garrick*). Victorian gas-light murder thriller, with Michael Redgrave and Beatrix Lehmann.

** "THE DANCING YEARS" (*Adelphi*). Ivor Novello's romantic musical play, with Muriel Barron and Roma Beaumont.

** "SOMETHING IN THE AIR" (*Palace*). Musical, with Jack Hulbert, Cicely Courtneidge.

** "PANAMA HATTIE" (*Piccadilly*). Musical comedy, with Bébé Daniels, Richard Hearne, Max Wall, Ivan Brandt, Claude Hulbert.

** "ARSENIC AND OLD LACE" (*Strand*). Witty, murderous farce. Lilian Braithwaite, Mary Jerrold, Naunton Wayne, Frank Pettingell, Edmund Willard.

** "WHILE THE SUN SHINES" (*Globe*). Rattigan's inter-allied complications without tears. Jane Baxter, Ronald Squire, Hugh McDermott.

** "SWEETER AND LOWER" (*Ambassadors*). Second edition of "Sweet and Low" revue: Hermione Gingold and Henry Kendall.

** "JUNIOR MISS" (*Saville*). Comedy with the accent on youth. Joan White, Peggy Cummins.

** "THERE SHALL BE NO NIGHT" (*Aldwych*). Wonderful acting by the Lunts in Robert Sherwood play.

** "THE LISBON STORY" (*Hippodrome*). Play with music.

* "QUIET WEEK END" (*Wyndham's*). Sequel to "Quiet Wedding."

* "A SOLDIER FOR CHRISTMAS" (*Vaudeville*). Light comedy: Joyce Barbour, Robert Beatty.

* "THE LILAC DOMINO" (*His Majesty's*). Revived, with Pat Taylor, Leo Franklyn, Bernard Clifton, Elizabeth French.

* "JILL DARLING" (*Winter Garden*). Musical comedy revived: Arthur Riscoe, Carole Lynne.

* "THE DRUID'S REST" (*St. Martin's Theatre*). Emlyn Williams's light comedy, with Gladys Henson, Michael Shepley.

* "AN IDEAL HUSBAND" (*Westminster*). Donat's ideal Wilde revival. Irene Vanbrugh, Martita Hunt, Esme Percy, Roland Culver.

* "MEET ME VICTORIA" (*Victoria Palace*). Cockney humour with Lupino Lane.

* "THIS WAS A WOMAN" (*Comedy*). Sonia Dresdel, John Bryning, Nova Pilbeam in effective melodrama.

* SADLER'S WELLS BALLET SEASON (*New*). Robert Helpmann, Margot Fonteyn. Constant Lambert conducts.

* "LOVE FOR LOVE" (*Haymarket*). Congreve comedy with John Gielgud, Yvonne Arnaud, Leslie Banks, Leon Quartermaine.

* "TEN LITTLE NIGGERS" (*St. James's*). Agatha Christie's thriller. Linden Travers, Allan Jeayes, Terence de Marney.

* "THE LOVE RACKET" (*Princes*). High-speed musical with Arthur Askey and Carol Raye.

* "CRISIS IN HEAVEN" (*Lyric*). Eric Linklater's political fantasy. Ernest Thesiger, Dorothy Dickson, Adèle Dixon, Esmond Knight.

* "HOW ARE THEY AT HOME?" (*Apollo*). J. B. Priestley's topical comedy. Henry Hewitt, Jennifer Gray, Charles Groves.

N.B.—While we shall always do our best to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur. Consult your daily paper; ring up the theatre to avoid disappointment.

Twentieth-Century-Fox's "Tampico" (Tivoli) stars EDWARD G. ROBINSON *as Bart Manson, captain of a tanker;* VICTOR McLAGLEN *as Adamson, his first mate;* LYNN BARI *(right) as Kathie, whom they pick up from a ship torpedoed in the Gulf of Mexico. Dolores* (MONA MARIS) *suspects Kathie, now Mrs. Manson, of being the spy through whose actions the tanker is eventually sunk by U-boat, but by double-crossing the Nazi spy-ring, Manson clears her.*

If these simple people "moved through scenes with sureness and authority, it was because they had been through them many times before, when no cameras were there."

"THE MINISTRY OF FEAR" (Plaza), a spy thriller made from Graham Greene's story of the same name, is something out of the ordinary. Set in England, it stands out from the mass of routine whodunnits because Fritz Lang, the director, is a man who is always conscious of the fact that he is dealing with a cinema camera, and not with a sort of super magic-lantern.

The story is not very different from a hundred others. Stephen Neale (Ray Milland) is released from an asylum to which he has been sent on an insanity charge, following the "mercy killing" of his incurably sick wife. Immediately he becomes involved, through mere chance, with a gang of Nazi spies. Attending a séance, he is suspected of having shot one of the guests, who is killed in the darkness. Because police suspicion has already been aroused by his previous sentence, he goes into hiding.

He is helped by Carla Hilfe (Marjorie Reynolds), an Austrian refugee who is running a charitable organisation in London with her brother Willi (Carl Esmond). Carla and Neale fall in love with each other, but right up to the end Neale is not quite sure that the Hilfe help is all it seems to be, and in fact it actually isn't. The numerous twists and turns of the story are involved, and you have to keep your wits about you from the beginning if you are not to be puzzled by one or two of the later happenings. But it oughtn't to be too hard for the thriller fans, and the job is good enough to be worth a little cerebration.

"The Ministry of Fear" is a film-maker's film, the work of a man who is expert enough at his job to be unostentatious about what he knows. So many directors approach a thriller with the unspoken warning: "Here is a mystery. Watch me make it mysterious! Watch me pile on the suspense and agony! Watch me make your flesh creep!" You can almost catch them at work contriving the atmosphere, the cunning, clever, cute little creatures.

Two Cities' film, "The Way Ahead," is due for its world première at the Odeon, Leicester Square, on June 8. It is a story of the British soldier of every class, the immortal Tommy, and particularly of a group of men who join the Duke of Glendon's Light Infantry. DAVID NIVEN *plays Jim Perry;* PENELOPE WARD *his wife. Picture on left shows him before he joins up; on right, after he has joined his regiment.*

Lang goes about it in quite another way. He tells the story through the eye of Neale. You—like Neale—are in complete ignorance for a long time of what it is all about. He lets the events and characters build up their own atmosphere. There is only mystery when Neale is mystified. There is only a sinister mood when Neale himself feels the shadows closing round him. And all the time the camera is pointing this little detail and that, throwing this incident up and toning that one down, so that you, the spectator, if you are sensitive, can see and feel just what Neale saw and felt.

An odd little work has just come out of a British studio, called "TAWNY PIPIT" (Leicester Square). The film is largely the multifold work of Bernard Miles, who helped to write, helped to direct, and also acted in it. A couple of years ago Mr. Miles, who was staying at the late Ramsay MacDonald's country home while working on the script of "Thunder Rock," was struck by an idea. The MacDonald library was stocked with books on British birds. It occurred to Mr. Miles, although previously no passionate ornithologist, that something amusing might be done with a sketch of a visiting alien, some *un*-British bird that is given fair British treatment.

After consultation with Dr. Julian Huxley, the tawny pipit was chosen. The tawny pipit, a South African migrant, has only nested in this country once, it seems, in recorded history. Its great advantage for film purposes is that it has a common British double, the meadow pipit, practically indistinguishable to the eye of the black-and-white camera. So one camera unit went out into East Anglia shooting meadow pipits, while the main unit and the human actors went down into the West Country, shooting the rest of the story.

The story is about a pair of these rare little visitors, who decide to nest in a field near an English village in wartime. A wounded airman (Niall McGinnis) and his nurse (Rosamund John) discover them on one of their recuperative rambles. The glad news goes round Lipsbury Lea. A meeting is called to discuss the historic event. The Vicar exhorts his flock, and organises a protective cordon from the village school. The sporting colonel (Bernard Miles) barks out something about democracy meaning fair play for birds as well as humans, and demands a square deal for these refugees from less happier lands. The village is stirred to its patriotic soul. A hide is erected, and a 24-hour bird-watching rota organised. Although the case has eventually to go as far as Whitehall, the pipits are successfully protected against small boys, professional egg-stealers, a convoy of tanks, and the ploughs of the Ministry of Agriculture.

Columbia's "None Shall Escape" (Leicester Square; June 2) takes place when peace has been declared, and the victorious Allied Nations begin their post-war trials and punishments. The venue is the small German-Polish border village of Litzbark, where Nazi General W. Grimm (ALEXANDER KNOX) *is arraigned; and Father Warecki* (HENRY TRAVERS) *is in the witness-box. As the trial proceeds, the ugly story comes to light.*

As a social sketch, an affectionate commentary on the sort of people we mad British are, the idea is brilliant. If the direction had lived up to the initial story, "Tawny Pipit" would have been a film in a thousand.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

JENNIFER JONES, *for getting her "Oscar."*

FOR her superb acting in "The Song of Bernadette"—her first big movie rôle—JENNIFER JONES was awarded the "Oscar" statuette by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, as the best actress of 1943.

AMERICAN author ERNEST HEMINGWAY ("For Whom the Bell Tolls," etc.) is over here to act as a war correspondent for the Second Front. He wears a beautiful beard, grown some time ago on the orders of his doctor, who has forbidden him to shave it off for some considerable time.

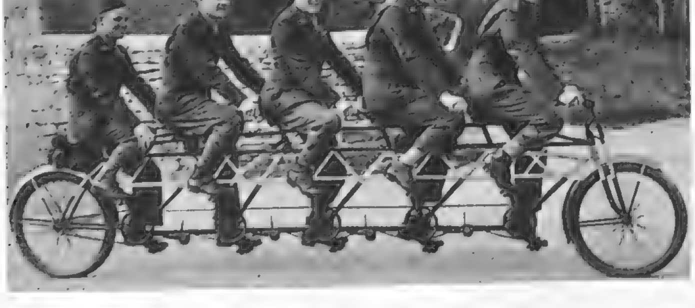
ERNEST HEMINGWAY, *for wearing a fine beard for his Second Front protection.*

NINA GUSEV, *for resisting the blandishments of four of the most important men in England.*

ON May 18 the award of the Victoria Cross was made to Major (temp. Lieut.-Colonel) H. R. B. FOOTE, D.S.O., Royal Tank Corps, for outstanding gallantry during the period May 27 to June 15, 1942. In our N. African retreat in June that year it was of vital importance in the Knightsbridge battle that a certain position should be held. Colonel Foote reorganised his remaining tanks, going from one to the other under intense fire, placed his own shattered and gunless tank in front of the others so that he could be plainly seen, thus encouraging the men by his magnificent example. Colonel Foote was captured by the Germans at Tobruk; escaped from the P.O.W. camp, and is now interned in Switzerland.

LIEUT.-COLONEL H. R. B. FOOTE, D.S.O., *for being awarded the V.C. two years after he won it.*

ALL the massed charm and coaxing of the "tops" of the British invasion forces failed to induce even a faint smile on the face of little NINA GUSEV, daughter of H.E. the Soviet Ambassador. She was photographed when attending the presentation by her father, M. Gusev, of the Order of Suvorov—the highest Soviet military honour—to three of our war-leaders and an Empire Premier. The war chiefs seen cajoling Nina are: (l. to r.) Air Chief-Marshal Sir Arthur Harris; Admiral of the Fleet Sir John Tovey; Admiral Sir Andrew Cunningham, First Sea Lord; and Field-Marshal Sir Alan Brooke.



THESE AMERICAN DOUGHBOYS, *for beating our transport problem with a five-seater G.I. cycle.*

THE DOUGHBOYS shown in our picture wouldn't be beat by lack of transport when they wanted to scour the English countryside after duty hours. Two of them got to work in their spare time and turned an ordinary G.I. cycle into a five-seater. The machine is by no means a freak; goes very well on corners or in traffic, and its multi-man-power ensures a remarkable performance on hills.

PRINCE BERNHARD of the Netherlands takes his Sealyham Martin with him when he goes up, piloting himself. The Prince has had a special parachute harness made for Martin; and our photograph shows him wearing the kit during a visit to Dutch personnel at a R.A.F. Station.

PRINCE BERNHARD OF THE NETHERLANDS, *for having a properly-equipped para-pet to fly with him.*

GALLUP OF THE POLL.

GEORGE GALLUP *has invented a way of finding out what the majority think at any given time about any given subject. The Gallup Poll, by questioning a scientifically selected cross-section of the population, forecasts election results, or classifies the comparative interests of readers in news, features, and advertisements, and of listeners-in, with a margin of error never exceeding 5 per cent. The American Institute of Public Opinion (founded in 1935) or the British I.P.O. (a year younger) undertakes these polls used by politicians, publicists and business people who want to know what most of us think. Mr. Gallup was born in 1901, and has held many important posts in U.S. universities.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY BACHRACH.

THE WALLS OF BEAUTY! BOMBER CREW'S PANEL OF PIN-UP GIRLS.

N.B. A Coloured plate

The cult of the Pin-Up Girl is practised in huts, shacks, bivouacs, wardrooms and messes in every part of this war-racked world. Here's an impressive example of a wall of beauty in a bomber-crew shack on Adak in the Aleutians. The "Life" picture was taken when the boys had just returned from a raid on Paramushiro. One weary man has already dropped off to sleep, and others are playing cards, but no doubt they are all subconsciously aware of the background of beauty which has been gradually assembled to provide a little gaiety and decoration for the dreary décor of their living quarters.

inserted in this issue.

THE EPSTEIN WAY WITH BRONZE.

OSSIAN, *the sculptor's two-year-old grandson.*

DEIRDRE LEANING FORWARD.

EPSTEIN'S new exhibition at the Leicester Galleries is all portrait heads or busts, and all bronze. "The Girl with the Gardenias"—the only over-life-size piece—takes the place of the gargantuan controversial figure we usually expect to find, and the contrasting colour of the patinas is interesting; "Deirdre," for instance, is in *vert antique*. Ossian is gold. "The Girl with the Gardenias" has a beautiful blue-green colour. The modern girl's hair-do allows the sculptor free play to develop that riotous movement of which he is so great a master, and each portrait, in its live strength, leads one involuntarily to expect a trenchant remark from its lips as one passes by!

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM DAVIS.

THE GIRL WITH THE GARDENIAS.

DEIRDRE.

" Pin-Up Girls, blonde, dark or red-head,
Over each bed-head, we 're on parade;
Undressed to the right to assist in the war,
For that 's what Pin-Up Girls are for!"

YVONNE JAQUES, PAULINE FRASER *and* MARY IRWIN *in their dressing-room at the Ambassadors, getting ready for their " Pin-Up Girls " number.*

" I 'm made of rather more popular stuff,
I 've a ' come-hither ' look and a tigerskin muff,
I move in high circles although I 'm a novice,
I 'm usually found in the Adjutant's Office."

PAULINE FRASER, *twenty-one-year-old brown-eyed blonde, in her " Pin-Up Girls " number. She has played in cabaret here and in America, and is a daughter of a Carl Rosa Opera Company conductor.*

"PIN-UP GIRLS" OF "SWEETER AND LOWER."

" I 'm the one who 's not meant to be rude,
My pose is artistic although I am nude.
I 'm called things like ' Psyche ' or ' Study ' or ' Ode,'
But I sell like hot cakes in the Charing Cross Road."

MARY IRWIN *is twenty-two, and started her stage career in revue at Blackpool with George Formby. She played at the Windmill in the blitz, then did a year with E.N.S.A. and was in panto. before coming to " Sweet and Low " and " Sweeter and Lower."*

" PIN-UP GIRLS " is the title of one of the brightest numbers in " Sweeter and Lower " at the Ambassadors. The lyrics by Nicholas Phipps with music by Geoffrey Wright; and Yvonne Jaques, Pauline Fraser and Mary Irwin put it over with grace and go.

" I 'm the one the photographer feels
Should wear long black stockings and very high heels;
I 'm rather incendiary in my attire
So I 'm pinned next door to the orders for fire."

Brunette YVONNE JAQUES *has blue eyes and is twenty-four years of age. She was one of the eight " Daily Mirror " Beauty and Physical Culture Girls in Coronation Year. During the blitz she worked as A.R.P. telephonist for six months.*

BETTY JANE HESS is "*Cosmopolitan Magazine's*" *representative in the picture* "*Cover Girl.*" *She was chosen by the guest list of Manhattan's Stork Club from a field of eighteen. She is twenty-three years old.*

Seven-year-old CHERYL ARCHER *began her career as* "*Little Miss New York*" *in a fashion show, then became a* "*Look*" *Cover Girl, the magazine which she represents in the film. She has appeared on* "*Good Housekeeping*" *covers.*

FIFTEEN FAMOUS COVER GIRLS IN A FILM.

SUSANN SHAW, *who represents* "*Vogue,*" *was born in 1919. She began her career as a stenographer in a Manhattan advertisement agency. She's new to pictures.*

B. J. (BETTY JANE) GRAHAM *is* "*McCall's*" *Cover Girl. She studied at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts and has appeared in radio sketches and as commentator.*

JEAN COLLERAN *is* "*American Magazine*" *Cover Girl. She studied interior decorating, but a sister clipped a cutting of an ad. which started her on her way as a photographic model.*

DICKI (CORNELIA B. VON HESSERT) *represents* "*Harper's Bazaar.*" *She is the granddaughter of inventor Leo Hendrik Baekeland, and the wife of Bernhard von Hessert, who suggested quite casually that she might succeed as a Cover Girl. She took the hint—and did!*

FRANCINE COUNIHAN *is one of Harry Conover's most popular models and has graced the covers of "Cosmopolitan," and "Mademoiselle," as well as of "American Home," which she represents. Her father is cartoonist Bud Counihan.*

DUSTY ANDERSON *is "Farm Journal's" choice. She has been on the covers of at least a dozen magazines of wide circulation. She originally wanted to paint, act, decorate or design clothes.*

"COVER GIRL." Columbia's £500,000 Technicolor musicale, due about June 9 at the Prince of Wales Theatre, stars Rita Hayworth and Gene Kelly, and is directed by Charles Vidor. The story tells how a chorus-girl, Rusty (Rita Hayworth), rises to be Queen of the Cover Girls; and the FIFTEEN MOST BEAUTIFUL AMERICAN COVER GIRLS appear as themselves to brighten the screen with their glamour and gaiety. We picture twelve on these pages.

HELEN MUELLER *represents "Collier's." She once worked as a secretary, studied the violin, and meant to be a dancer. But when the camera lens beckoned, the other careers came to an end.*

ROSE MAY ROBSON *is "Woman's Home Companion" choice. She is the sixteen-year-old daughter of a former Ziegfeld Folly Star.*

CECILIA (CISSIE) MEAGHER *is "Coronet's" entry. She started winning contests for beauty as a child, and decided to take up modelling instead of being a nurse. She has a long list of covers to her credit.*

EILEEN McCLORY *represents "Glory." She was born in 1923, and after leaving Columbia University planned to be a painter. She modelled at Pagano studio, and then became a clothes and fashion model.*

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

TRUE Tragedy, it has been said, is not so much the result of a conflict between good and evil as between good and good—that is, between the good elements in opposing parties, since in none can we expect to find good unmixed. Mr. L. A. G. Strong might have written "The Director" to illustrate this truth. In few novels has the conflict between two standards of value been more impartially or remorselessly described; and although we cannot say—at least, I cannot—that our sympathies are equally divided between the protagonists, we are given all the material to form an independent moral judgment.

The Invaders. Paul Deakin, an American film director, his bitter-tongued Russian cameraman Votichenko, known as Votty, and John, the rather shadowy author of a successful and challenging novel called "Awaken the West," arrive in the Irish fishing village which had provided the setting of the novel and which is to provide the setting of the film based on the novel. Paul has the unlimited resources of Python Films behind him and he is prepared to use its money with the recklessness we expect of the film world. Almost his first act is to commandeer the local hotel; his next, to look for local talent, for his idea is to choose the cast, with the exception of the leading man, from among the villagers. The village will enjoy unheard-of prosperity for many months, perhaps indefinitely, if Paul's project of making it a permanent studio—a miniature Hollywood on the Irish coast—takes effect. Grasping, sullen and suspicious as they are, the villagers are soon wildly excited; and although at the outset there is bitter rivalry (bitter, that is, on Judy's side) for the rôle of leading lady, Paul's astounding tact, energy, and will-power smooth it over. In fact, all obstacles seem likely to be overcome. But there is one palm that refuses to be greased. Paul meets his match in Father McCubberty, the parish priest, a fanatical puritan who passionately disapproved of the novel, and is determined to prevent the production of the film.

A Duel. The story, in its broadest outline, is an account of the duel between the two men and the moral ideas they represent. Both are fanatics, but whereas Paul, for all his overpowering, and genuine, bonhomie is also supple and unscrupulous and worldly-wise, the priest is utterly uncompromising and unbending.

Events seem to prove that Father McCubberty was right; but then, would the tragedy have occurred if he had not, with his orders to sabotage the film, first put the village in an uproar? Can he be acquitted of having helped to unleash the evil that envelops the story as in a whirlwind? I think not. The spiritual pride, of which he was unaware, contributed to the catastrophe. Except for the poor girl who pays the price of all this ill will, none of the chief characters is entirely free from blame. Certainly the newcomers had little to teach the village in the way of corruption: they only stirred up possibilities for evil that poverty had kept latent. How far, one wonders, does Mr. Strong regard the episode as a special case, and how far as an illustration of ordinary human behaviour? Towards the end there is a hint of cynicism and disillusion in his attitude to the whole unhappy business; and it is noteworthy that he withholds from it the dignity of complete tragedy, and closes on a tragi-comic note, with an ironical shrug of the shoulders.

Many readers will find different meanings to this profound, fascinating and disturbing story, just as there will be varying estimates of the character of its central figure, who sometimes seems so benevolent, sometimes so sinister. In any case, this is a book no fiction-lover should miss; it is one of its author's best.

England and Russia. Mr. Edward Crankshaw's task is to trace the relationship between Russia and England from the year 1553, when it began, down to the present day. A merchant-adventurer, Richard Chancellor, was the first Englishman not only to reach Moscow, but to enter Russia at all; and his expedition deserves to be better known than it is, for it is a wonderful record of courage and endurance, and Chancellor, who has left an account of his exploits, was hardly less gifted as a writer than as a navigator. Two years after his visit the Russia Company, to which was accorded a complete monopoly of our trade with that country, came into being; and very soon after that began the drama of cross-purposes between Queen Elizabeth and Ivan the Terrible which Mr. Crankshaw regards as typical of Russo-English relations throughout their history.

> Each country set to work to get from the other what it wanted; but while England wanted too little, and almost invariably got it, Russia wanted too much and failed. For England set her mind on one thing and stuck to it with a tenacity and singleness of purpose worthy of the seekers of the Grail: commerce. While Russia, by no means scorning trade, desired, with varying intensity, such intangibles as alliance, political privilege, moral hegemony and moral support: above all, perhaps, moral support.

A little later he summarises "the supreme cause of misunderstanding" between England and Russia as

> that peculiarly Russian idealism, or impracticability, which sets greater store by the motive than by the action which expresses it, uncompromisingly opposed to the English unconcern with other people's motives (except in so far as their discovery may be a pointer to future action) as long as the action of the moment may seem to suit our temporary purpose. The oppositions are plain enough, in vice and virtue alike; generosity opposed to kindliness, idealism to expediency, passion to reasonableness, suspicion to cynicism, mysticism to common sense, cruelty to selfishness, ardour to tenacity, theory to practice, sensibility to sense, and so on. It is a familiar story; and just as simple as that, and just as difficult.

Ivan the Terrible and Queen Elizabeth. Ivan wanted to marry Elizabeth (as his eighth wife); when that offer was turned down, he still wanted an Englishwoman, Lady Mary Hastings. With small regard for his *amour-propre*, Lady Mary was denied him. Before the century was out the tables were turned: Elizabeth's proposal to marry Lord Derby's daughter to the eleven-year-old Tsarevitch received a decided snub. . . . And so it has gone on, through the misunderstandings arising from the Eastern Question and the Russian attitude to India (to cite two occasions of discord), down to the present day. Mr. Crankshaw thinks that misunderstandings may cease when each country is better informed about the other; but the Russians, he says, are not well informed about other countries. Looking for Russian characteristics, he singles out three: "their capacity for endurance, their unquenchable passion for the dramatic and colourful and musical, their instinct towards sinking the individual in the whole."

Mr. Crankshaw writes tersely and well, keeping a skilful balance between history, generalisation and picturesque detail. His is no studio picture: he has lived in Russia and can appreciate the dynamic power of an idea translated into terms of human energy and high courage—an idea that incidentally means the abandonment of individualism. Generously and intelligently illustrated, the work of a mind fired by enthusiasm but guided by realism, his book is an important contribution to our understanding of Soviet Russia.

Sinister Meaning of a Nursery Rhyme. Nursery rhymes are considered suitable entertainment for children, but a dispassionate examination often reveals a cruel callousness beneath the brittle charm of their quaint inconsequence. Mr. Ellery Queen can always be relied on not to miss a sinister implication, and "There was an Old Woman" exploits to the full, even sometimes overstrains, the possibilities of the familiar quatrain. The eccentricities of the Potts family are so fantastic that they evoke a dream-world in which the processes of reason are impeded, and even a murder or two does not wholly pin the story down to earth. Even the Inspector and Sergeant Velie lose some of their normal forthrightness, and their attention to detail slips on more than one occasion.

When the kaleidoscope which has dazzled us in movement is arrested and we see its pattern plainly, we are not only astonished at the ingenuity of the construction, but are surprised to find our feet on earth after a sky-ride through a never-never land.

Trouble Among "Socialites." "Siren in the Night" takes us to San Francisco, and more particularly to San Joaquin Terrace, where the "socialites" of the city live. These include Loring Kimball, a much-respected financial magnate, and Grace Latham, a newcomer and friend to Colonel Primrose of the Police. It is she who tells the story of Kimball's murder: as his next-door neighbour she saw a lot of what was going on; as Colonel Primrose's confidante she was allowed behind the scenes in the investigation. The war is on; and Mrs. Butts, a leader of the "upper economic brackets," gives a "block party" to bring the members of those brackets together, so that, in the event of their own houses being bombed, they may feel less shy of taking refuge with their neighbours. Mrs. Butts is a great character; and if one aspect of the solution strains credulity, as a whole Miss Ford's story is full of psychological interest and goes with a swing.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

The Director. By L. A. G. Strong. (*Methuen*; 8s. 6d.)
Russia and Britain. By Edward Crankshaw. (*Collins*; 8s. 6d.)
There was an Old Woman. By Ellery Queen. (*Gollancz*; 8s. 6d.)
Siren in the Night. By Leslie Ford. (*Collins*; 7s. 6d.)

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Summer Exhibition of the Royal Academy of Arts. *Burlington House, Piccadilly, W.1.*

Paintings by André Bauchant; drawings by Corrado Cagli. *Lefevre Gallery, new address, 131-4, New Bond Street, W.1.* June 6–July 1.

Recent Paintings by R. O. Dunlop, A.R.A. *Leger Gallery, 13, Old Bond Street.* June 6-30.

Paintings by Official War Artists. Canadian War Paintings. *National Gallery, Trafalgar Square.*

Original Etchings by Edouard Manet; drawings by Segonzac. *Redfern Gallery, 20, Cork Street, W.1:* June 1-24.

Epstein's "Girl with the Gardenias" and other recent sculpture; paintings by J. B. Manson and John Craxton. *Leicester Gallery, Leicester Square.*

Pin-up Girl: No. 5. Rita Hayworth.

RITA HAYWORTH *plays Rusty Parker, who becomes " Queen of the Cover Girls " in Columbia's new picture, " Cover Girl." She comes of a famous dancing family, the Cansinos, but discarded her patronymic for film purposes, as she did not " want to be typed either as Spanish or a dancer." Her successes include " Blood and Sand," " Only Angels Have Wings," and " You'll Never Get Rich," in which she partnered Fred Astaire. Stills of the Cover Girls appear on other pages.*

DR. BARNETT'S HOBBY.*

By GEORGE BETTANY.

"HE was stabbed very deeply, and the wound 's unusual," affirmed Dr. Barnett, rising from a careful examination of the body. "He 's young and muscular. Know anything about him, Sergeant? Wasn't in the Army, apparently."

The police-sergeant nodded. "Yes, we know him, Sir. Feller by the name of Dowson. He worked in that big munition works at Chiddingford, and making good money. Bit of a lad, he was, Sir, if you know what I mean. Liked giving the girls a treat."

"I see. It 's a queer wound," he said again. "Just a quarter of an inch wide."

"Stiletto?" suggested the sergeant. "There are a lot of Italian prisoners working on the farms round here, Sir."

"Um . . . it might have been a stiletto," agreed Barnett thoughtfully. "Well, I 'll let you have my report."

"More interested in the wound than he was in the murder, if you ask me, Sergeant," observed a constable, who had watched the doctor's examination in silence. "Wonder why?"

"Professional interest, my boy. Now, *I 'm* more interested in the *motive* for the crime. Case of jealousy, this is. Dowson ran around with plenty of young women round here, and some of 'em ain't above getting off with the Ities—and that 's a fact, Billings, as you have good reason to know! Here you have jealousy, and a wound like a stiletto—get me?"

"Thinking of Simonetti, Sergeant?"

"I am. I ain't forgotten the way he attacked that soldier last month. If he 'd had a dagger instead of a bill-hook . . . and *that* was on account of a girl."

A few days later Dr. Barnett's car pulled up at the police-station. Constable Billings met him with a grin. "Want to know how the murder case is going, Sir?" he enquired good-naturedly. "The sergeant is out at Chiddingford now, Sir, and he reckons it won't be long before he sees the light, so to speak. He knows the man all right. Case of jealousy, as you 'll see, Sir. Italian prisoner working on Reed's farm."

"I see," replied the doctor. "Stiletto, eh?"

"That 's right, Sir."

"Ah, well, I expect the sergeant 's right. Let me know if I can help in any way."

"I 'll tell him, but I reckon he won't need help, Sir, thanking you all the same."

Billings was wrong. The sergeant did need help, and he needed it enough to swallow his pride and call at the doctor's house that evening.

"Sit down, Sergeant. Cigarette?"

"Thank you, Sir."

"Got the case complete?" asked the doctor, smiling.

The sergeant looked worried. "No, Sir, I ain't. Seems I can't get any real evidence to support my theory; all the evidence I *can* get goes to show that Simonetti couldn't have done the job."

"Why come to me, though?"

The sergeant was clearly embarrassed. "Well, Sir, you seemed mighty interested in the wound, I fancied, and I thought you might have spotted something—being a doctor, and all that—which we had missed."

Barnett nodded. "Do you know a man at Chiddingford named Bill Ford?" he asked.

"Yes, I know old Bill. Retired R.N. Nice chap, I always thought him. We have a glass of ale together sometimes."

"Hasn't Ford got a pretty daughter?"

"That 's right, Sir—Anne, her name is. A bit flighty, according to old Bill. Doesn't come in of a night early enough to suit him, but there, you know what girls are when there 's a war on, Sir."

"Quite, Sergeant. Now, would you call Ford a hot-tempered man?"

"Well, yes, I would—but if you think . . ."

"I certainly believe that Ford killed young Dowson."

"'Ere, Sir, 'ere; that 's a very serious charge, you know," reproved the sergeant, shocked.

"All the same, I 'd make some careful enquiries if I was a police-sergeant who wanted promotion."

"More likely I 'd lose me blooming stripes if I went arresting Bill Ford," growled the other, making no particular secret of his feelings. "What makes you connect old Bill with the crime, anyway?"

The doctor smiled. "My hobby," he replied.

"Your 'obby? And what might that be, Sir?"

"Making violins."

"Makin'—blimy!" The sergeant rose heavily. "Well, I 'd better be getting back to the station, Sir," he said.

The doctor chuckled. "There was another thing which makes me think Ford is the murderer," he added.

The sergeant turned. "Indeed, Sir," he remarked with ponderous sarcasm, "and what might *that* be?"

"Well, believe it or not, a—leg of mutton."

"A leg——" The sergeant shook his head as one who denies the evidence of his own ears. He went heavily towards the door and omitted to wish the doctor good-night.

In the hall the doctor met his wife. "The sergeant seems upset," she observed.

"He 's annoyed with me, I fancy, but he 'll be back to-morrow—at least, I shall be disappointed if he 's not."

She regarded him thoughtfully. "I 'm still wondering what you wanted that leg of mutton for," she said at last.

"Yes, it puzzled the sergeant too," he chuckled.

Two days later the doctor proved right; the sergeant returned, his manner a blend of respect and bewilderment. The doctor led him to his consulting-room, where the sergeant betrayed nervousness.

"Well, Sir," he said at last, "I 've been makin' enquiries along the line you suggested, and I 'm bound to admit there is a strong case against Ford so far as *motive* goes. There 's no doubt that young Anne was running round with Dowson against her father's wishes, and there is the evidence of neighbours to prove they quarrelled over Dowson. In fact, things look very black against Ford, but it 's the weapon I can't account for, and I 'm asking you to be frank, Sir, and tell me what you know. I 'm certain you do know something you haven't told me."

Barnett lit a cigarette. "So far as I am concerned it is just theory," he replied guardedly, "although it is convincing enough to me. It was the wound which gave me the idea. As you know, it was only a quarter of an inch wide; but that wasn't all. You 'll remember I examined the wound with a lens—which showed it to be very slightly curved, not straight, as it seemed to the naked eye. Now, I told you I make violins for a hobby, and because of that hobby I knew a tool which, I believed, would make just such a wound. That tool is a Number 3 wood-carver's gouge. So far as I know, only a wood-carver would possess such a tool."

The sergeant, breathing hard, nodded silently.

"It happens that Ford called here some time ago with a poisoned finger," the doctor went on; "he had pricked the forefinger of his left hand on a rose-thorn. I dressed that finger a number of times, and I noticed he had a corn on the heel of that hand—the point opposite the base of the thumb—like this." He held out his own left hand. The sergeant felt it with his finger-tips and nodded again. "You see, Sergeant, a wood-carver controls his chisel with the left hand, which grasps the blade behind the cutting-edge, the heel of the hand pressing on the table as a brake, while the right hand applies the cutting force—that quite clear?"

"Yes, Sir, I follow you."

"Continual use of a chisel in that manner produces the corn I have mentioned, and if you can find another man with such a corn within a hundred miles there may be another suspect."

"That 's certainly very interesting, Sir, and I reckon it completes the case against Bill Ford—because *I* know he does a lot of wood-carving."

"There 's one more thing which may be useful to you," said Barnett. "I called on Ford the other day and told him about my hobby. He showed me some of his own work. I asked him if he could lend me a quarter-inch Number 3 gouge for a job I was doing. He said he did not possess such a tool—but his work showed plenty of proof that he was lying."

"Ah!" exclaimed the policeman. "Now we 've got him." Then, after a pause: "You did mention a . . . leg of mutton, Sir?"

The doctor laughed. "So I did. You see, having made up my mind that a quarter-inch wood-carver's gouge was the weapon used, I wanted to prove, with my own Number 3 gouge, that it would make a wound exactly like the one which killed Dowson."

"And it did, Sir?"

"It did."

"And I thought you were just 'aving a game with me," murmured the sergeant as a grin spread over his face.

[THE END.]

**All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

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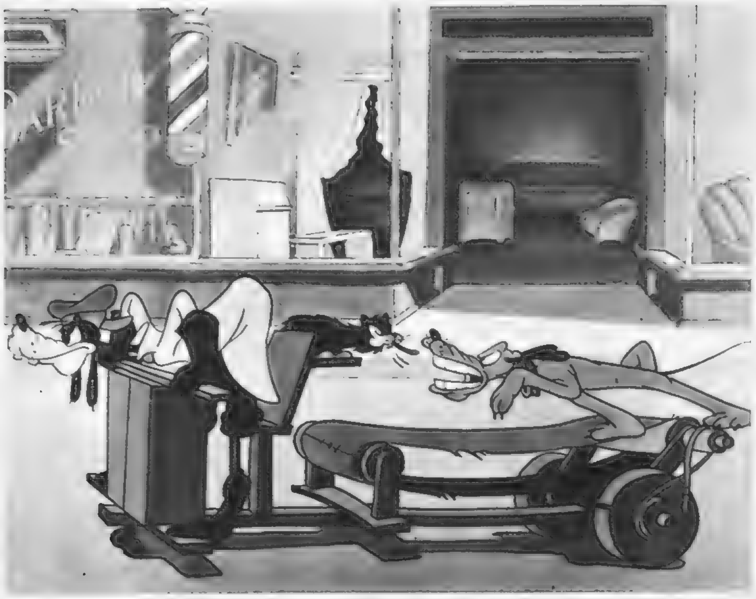

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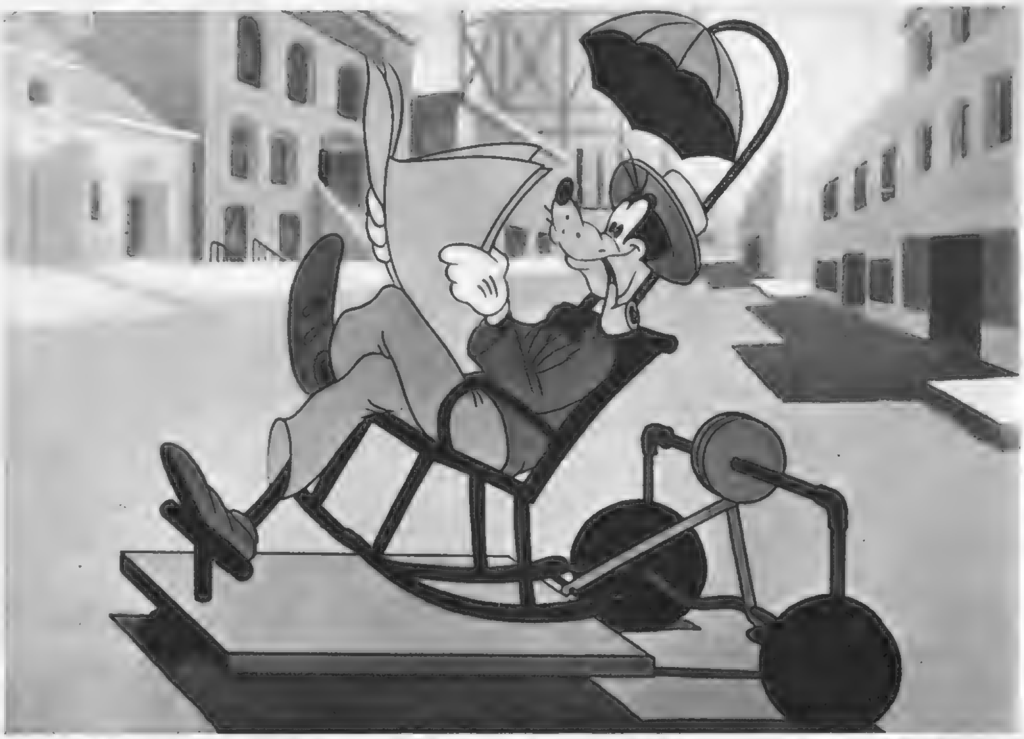

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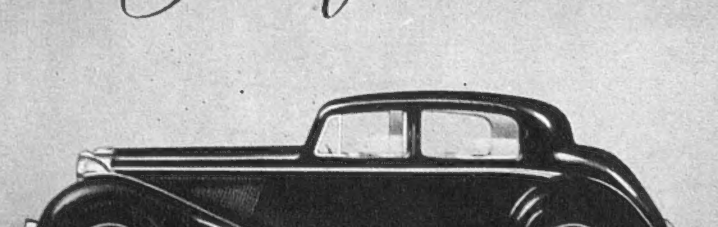

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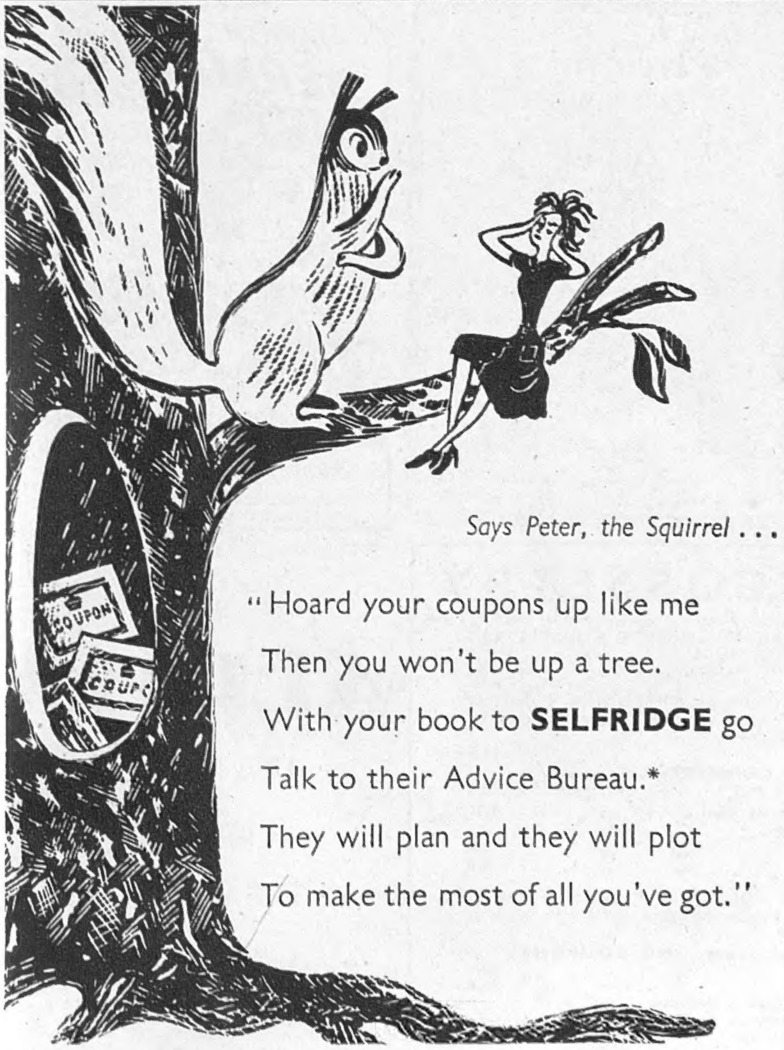

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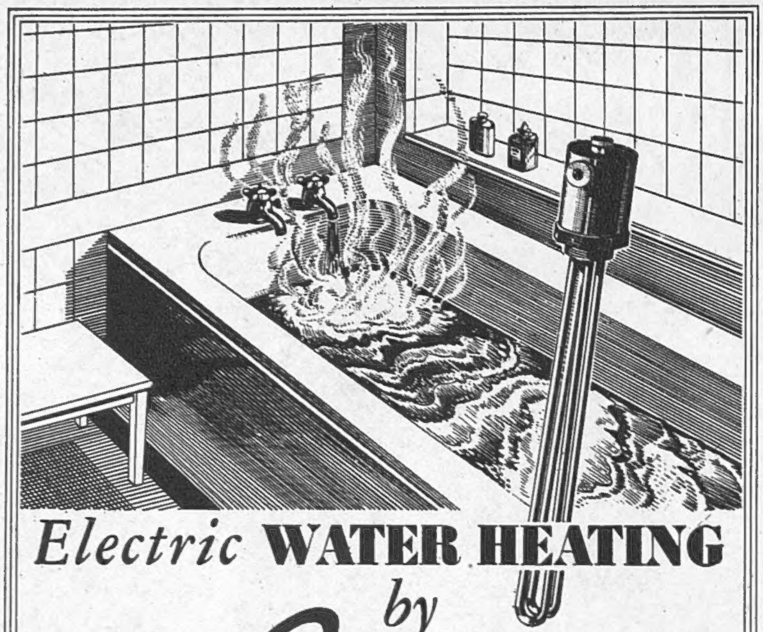

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